



THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

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of the Young

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GEORGE Q. CANNON.  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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**RUPTURE.**

SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1897.

No. 16.

## THE PIONEERS AND OTHERS.

### What They Did and How They Did It.

#### X.—THE PONY EXPRESS.

THE subject of communication with the outside world is ever an important one with colonists, and to none of these

was it ever more so than to those who first peopled Utah. Having established themselves in their new and permanent homes, and beheld the nucleus planted here expanding and ramifying day by day, the feeling of isolation, while bringing with it a sense of security from mobs and immunity from organized lawlessness, was by no means completely comfortable. It has previously been suggested that the Pioneers had effected a

physical separation, but many soulful ties and ineradicable memories remained. The desire to know what former friends were doing, how they were getting along, and that thirst which comes of a learning of the ways and means of man-

kind through education and association were all inextinguishable, and every proposition looking to the advancement of means by which private and public intelligence could be transmitted, received all the encouragement which a people not yet re clothed with the ability

to do which they were compelled to leave behind could give. At such a time the words "Overland Mail" had a sound which for a long time the substance failed to justify. It has already been stated how uncertain, slow-going, few and far between were the trips which the Government established between Salt Lake City and the Eastern frontier, but the mention was so brief that the mind of the reader could not have been



DR. H. J. FAUST.

brought to anything like a realization of the situation, while surrounded by such splendid postal service as prevails now-a-days. It is not to be inferred from all this that the blame was altogether, if even partly upon the



Government, which did all along what was doubtless represented to it as the best that could be done under the circumstances. Staging in the earlier days was a laborious, tedious and dangerous undertaking, the unseen escorts in the persons of white men aided by red ones becoming steadily more and more numerous, and only awaiting favorable opportunities when there was anything likely to be profitable to swoop down on the coaches bearing death and destruction along with them. These uncertainties, delays and dangers coupled with the desire for something better, set the inventive faculties to work, the result being the establishment of what soon became a popular and world-renowned mode of communication, the Pony Express. As much as has been said of this once great and useful enterprise, there still remains a vast fund of presently uncovered facts regarding it that come out piecemeal, and all are much more interesting than at any time since the express was discontinued. There was no room for it after the overland telegraph was established, but among the Pioneers, the early settlers and Western people generally, the "pony" will always occupy a place of profound regard from which nothing can dislodge him.

The most of the information herein-after set out, was obtained by personal interviews with one of the founders of the pony express, Dr. H. J. Faust. He was also engaged in many other useful frontier enterprises, and his name is a household word throughout Utah and its environs. He was born in Prussia, near Bingen on the Rhine sixty-four years ago. He came of sturdy stock and has had more experience in fifty years of his life than many persons who might live to be a hundred. When only six

years of age he came to the United States with his parents who settled in Missouri. As a boy Henry studied medicine, and while at school his health broke down and he came West. He went to California and under the magic spell of that day engaged in mining. He did not make a fortune out of it, but saved enough to become one of the proprietors of Bartholomew's circus, which soon after ceased to exist. At Los Angeles he concluded to return to Missouri. He reached Fillmore, Utah, May, 12th, 1856, the year after the devastating grasshopper war, and concluded to go no further. He has resided in Utah ever since.

After a lengthy "staging" experience, the Doctor who with his family was living at Deep Creek, but who was temporarily sojourning in this city, was again called into service. To use his own language:

"I had been here but three or four days when I was called to the front again. The summons came while I was dancing with my wife at a grand ball given at the Social Hall. The message was from Major Egan, and was for me to go to the Sevier and buy horses for the Pony Express. I started immediately, bought the horses and met Major Egan at Camp Floyd. There we divided the animals, and he stocked the part of the route between Salt Lake and the desert, while I stocked the stations from the desert to Robert's Creek, Nevada. I stayed at this place until the pony came in from the West, when I continued the journey to Salt Lake to Ruby where Josh Perkins relieved me and came on as far as Schell Creek, where James Gentry mounted a fresh pony and rode to Deep Creek, where Lot Huntington was waiting to convey the express to Simpson Springs. From





AN ATTACK ON THE OVERLAND STAGE.

this station John Fisher was the carrier to Rush Valley or Camp Floyd, I don't remember which. Major Egan made the ride that completed the route from Camp Floyd to Salt Lake. The men named, together with myself, composed the first coterie of riders over the country I have described. After that trip the regular riders fell into their places and performed their work."

The Pony Express was first put in operation early in 1860, the immediate projectors being William H. Russell, Ben. F. Ficklan and James E. Bromley. The route was adopted, the time cards were made up, the road was stocked, the employees were at their posts, and all things in readiness for the first rider of the first pony to mount and plunge into the wilds of the West on April 3rd, 1860. One start was made from St. Joe, Missouri, the horse and rider being ferried across, and the ride beginning immediately upon touching the Western shore. At the same time, or rather on the same date since there is a vast chronological difference between the points, the four-footed messenger accompanied by his rider took the boat at San Francisco, sped along to Sacramento and reached there late the same afternoon. Amid intense enthusiasm the pony was headed for the Sierra Nevadas, and leaped away on his majestic errand followed by the loud shouts of a great crowd which had assembled in honor of the occasion. The Western pony naturally got here first, entering Salt Lake City on the 7th of April, being ridden from Camp Floyd by Howard Egan; the Eastern arrival occurred two days later, on April 9th. This seems like slow time now, but it was rapidity itself compared with what the people had been having. It was a grand enterprise and cost a lot of

money, not all of which was ever recovered from the business.

One night on the Eastern plains, after a weary day's travel, a band of emigrants (bringing the writer among other freight) camped in a spot which seemed to have been designed by nature for that purpose. It was bowl-shaped, heavy with verdure and fringed around with green and dry timber, while through its middle ran a brook of clear, sparkling water, containing myriads of fish. It was the hour of midnight, and all save the sentries were wrapped in slumber, such repose as comes only to those who are weary in well doing, have consciences void of offense, and whose minds are free from any harassing cares or engrossing speculations. So quiet and serene and reposeful was the scene that the rippling of the brook and the occasional musical tinkling of a bell among the near-by cattle, were the only sounds that broke upon the delightful calm. There was no fear of a hostile visitation of the savages, because they had received and were likely to receive only fair treatment at the hands of the people who slumbered, and such were ever exempt from midnight or other treacherous surprises. It was, all in all, the complete realization of that dreamy, soulful quietude which sometimes finds expression through the medium of the brush or the pen in master hands, or exists as a figment of the fancy when it roves unreined and unrestricted. Suddenly the attention of the outer sentine to the West was attracted by what he conceived to be an accumulating noise, like the first harbinger of a coming storm or the marching of many men. Sounds travel rapidly when the vibratory process of the air by which they are conveyed has no other freight, and the man stood still and listened intently.

Yes, there was a sound; he was not mistaken, and it gathered volume with additional time. It was vague and muffled, but was steadily becoming more and more distinct. The word was quickly passed along the line of outer guards, and from them to the inner ones who in turn awoke the sleepers. Here was a picture of discipline, also an object lesson in the workings of that wonderful instinct of self-preservation which sometimes anticipates the one endangered and awakens even before he is aroused! One minute before all silence and serenity, with the senses of the silent ones locked in slumber, now all activity, bustle, haste, preparation! Nearer came the sounds; all could hear them now, and out of the confluent murmur fragments of separate sound could be distinguished. Women and children were hustled into wagons and padded around as thoroughly as could be done in a hurry with bedding. Every man and every good-sized boy had a fire arm in his hand ready to send messengers of death into the outward darkness at the word of command. The sounds were now quite recognizable; they were horses' feet, but how many could not be determined. The suspense which was crowded into the few moments just then was so intense that it makes one nervous to think of it. It seemed a long time, yet was afterwards demonstrated to have been exactly seven and a quarter minutes from the time the people left their beds till they returned to them. There was but one horse, but he was coming at a furious gait. Perhaps emigrants further along had been attacked and assistance was wanted—we should soon know. From the end of the camp now arose above all other sounds the imperative demand of the sentry, "Who goes there?" And as the rider and his

steed sped like a flash through the open space of our camp, the reply spread itself along the traversed distance: "The Pony Express!"

It had been so recently established that we were not looking for it, and only a few, even when told, realized what it was. But how was that for rapid action discipline?

*S. A. Kenner.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH.

### Atelie Gets Advice and Acts Upon It.

#### XII.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 474.)

Atelie remained in Christiania a week. When her old-time friend with whom she was staying, found that the whole aim of her visit was to be present at Mormon meetings and associate with Mormons, friendship waned somewhat and Atelie saw it; so she bade her goodby, and took lodgings for a few days at a hotel where she was not so well known.

The fine weather did not last long. The day after Halvor's return, a cold rain set in. The smoke from the thousands of chimneys floated above the city and from a distance looked like a dense, black cloud. The streets were wet and miserable, and rubbers, coats and umbrellas were necessary to get to the meetings and gatherings which she attended. Atelie prolonged her visit for two reasons. One was that she enjoyed the company of the Saints; and, although at times she thought that some of them had crude manners and awkward ways, she enjoyed their company nevertheless. She knew full well that most of them were working people. If they were devoid of the culture of the higher class, so were they also free from many of its

sins. Atelie often wondered at herself and her condition. That she should take a delight in the society of such people, to the exclusion of higher circles was strange, from the standpoint of a few months ago; but it was natural enough now—and her losing her prestige among her former friends, well, that was to be expected. The other reason which delayed her departure was the fact that she had promised Halvor to stop with him at Strand for a fortnight's visit with his mother. After Halvor's hurried and angry departure, she now hesitated about what she should do. Her first thought was to be as independent as he and to go directly home. Why should she run after him? What was he that she should humiliate herself thus? But second thought told her that Halvor had real cause for complaint. Even from the time of the regatta her actions must have been strange to him. She had told him that she wanted to beat him, had a purpose in it, but would not tell him what that purpose was. She had acknowledged that she loved him, and refused to say that she would marry him. She had joined a very unpopular religious society without his knowledge, and had planned to go to a meeting without him, which he had discovered. Yes; it certainly did look strange. She could not blame him. No man could act otherwise.

Atelie got up from the low rocker before the open door of the stove from which a red mass of coke gleamed, and went to the window and looked out. The hotel overlooked one of the market squares of the city which no longer was used for that purpose. A long row of one-horse carriages stood along one side, and the drivers in rubber coats were waiting their turn to transport some traveler to his destination. On

the other side of the square were the railroad station and the harbor. A black fog hung over the buildings, and the rigging of the ships in the harbor looked spectral and dim. Atelie heard the deep, hoarse fog horns and the continuous din of the horses and wagons on the stone streets. It was not four o'clock, yet the lamps were being lighted in the street below.

The prospect was dreary still it had a certain charm, and the girl stood by the window a long time. The fire in the stove went down and then out.

Atelie lighted a lamp and prepared for going out. When she reached the street the fog seemed thicker than ever. She walked up into the city, then turned into Storgaden and up to Osterhaus 27. A light gleamed from the office and she climbed the stairs without seeing any one. She knew that most of the missionaries had departed for their various fields of labor, Larsen among them. When she knocked at the door it was immediately opened and the conference president welcomed her, giving her a chair by the fire. He then perched himself on the high office chair and turned to her:

"Well, Sister, you are with us yet?" said he. "How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Never better," she replied. "The meetings and the associations of the Saints have given me great pleasure. I can hardly make up my mind to go."

"I am pleased to hear that you have not been disappointed in us, or in that which you have embraced."

"Not at all. My testimony is strengthened every day. I am satisfied."

"Still you will not find it all smooth sailing."

"I do not expect to. But I hope to weather it. You know I am something of a sailor." This with a smile.

"So I understand—but you must know, dear sister, that the adversary of our souls will blow up greater storms and place your craft in greater danger than any raging element on Norway's coast."

"I know what you say is true, because I have had experience with both powers. But am I not trespassing on your time? I came to ask your advice."

"That's just what I am here for," said the president, and he got down from the high stool, took the lamp from the desk and placed it on the table, and drew a chair opposite to where she was sitting.

"What can I do for you?"

This was not Atelie's first interview with the kind hearted president; and she had already learned to greatly respect him. She had told him much of her story, of her father's faith, of his death, of her strange dream, of her Uncle Sande's actions, but of her relations with Halvor Steen, she had said but little. This time she meant to ask his advice about this latter matter. She knew it was not a common thing to do; but she had thought about it for days. At first she thought of talking to Larsen, but he was a young man. The president was much like her father. She could confide in him, and talk to him on the matter with less embarrassment. Turning her chair to the table, she told him her whole story.

He listened with deep interest. He asked no questions but waited until she had told it all. Then he placed his arms on the table and began in his quiet, assuring way:

"The ways of the Lord are wonderful and past finding out; but I see that He has had a hand in bringing the Gospel to you and in opening your heart to receive it. I hope, dear sister, that the confidence you are placing in me will not

be in vain. Believe me I shall keep it as a sacred trust."

"And I wish your advice," she said.

"Are you the only one of your family now living?" he asked.

"Yes; that is, of father's family. He has one brother living, Uncle Sande, who is unmarried."

"And your mother's family?"

"O, there are a great many of them."

"Is your father's family an old one?"

"We can trace it back to one of the early kings."

"Well, do you know that God shall take one of a city and two of a family and cause them to do a great work in the redemption of the race?"

"I think the scriptures say something about it."

"Yes; and there must needs be two of a family. One alone cannot do the work. Sister, the culminating point in the history of a large family has come to you, you personally. Great things depend on you."

Atelie could not clearly get his meaning, but she listened eagerly to what he said.

"Now, as you have been so frank with me, you will pardon me if I ask some questions of a personal nature. You think that Halvor Steen loves you?"

"Well," and she had to smile at it, "he has said as much."

"And you love him?"

Just a tinge of color mounted to her face as she said, "I think a great deal of him."

"And he is a good, moral man?"

"As far as I know."

"Again pardon me for asking such questions; but now I can answer you better. I think you can afford to suffer some humiliation, if by so doing you can come to some understanding with him. I fear he has received some wrong

impression of you and of your religion, and they must be removed before further progress can be made. If Mr. Steen is to be your helpmate in your work he must see as you see, and believe as you believe; otherwise you must get some one else—but something tells me, dear sister, that the spirit of God will work with him, and that you may assist in his conversion."

"I will do all in my power," said she.

"Perhaps I have not been clear enough regarding your position and the work you are expected to do. You know already that baptism for the dead is performed in the temples only; therefore your father and mother must wait a little while. There is no hurry about that. Now you must know that you cannot personally officiate for your father or any of his male ancestors. Everything is in strict order in the House of the Lord and the vicarious work is as much as possible an exact representation of the personal ordinances. You may do your mother's work and labor for the female side of your family, but a man, your husband, for instance, must stand for your father. Now you understand your position. I would advise you not to shun Mr. Steen because he has treated you abruptly. Remember he had presumable cause."

He ceased speaking and looked steadily at her. Atelie's face was strangely beautiful.

"Then I must go," and she arose.

"Are you in a hurry?"

"No; but I must not trespass further on your time."

"Tut, tut. Sit down again. I wish to say a little more. Dear sister, you may be tried to the uttermost in this matter, you may come to the point where you will have to choose between the Gospel with its burden of duties and

Mr. Steen. What would you do in such a case?"

She did not answer for a moment. "I cannot say—how can I?" she said, and there was a faltering in her voice; "but I will pray God to give me light to know and power to choose the right."

"That is all any of us can do." They both arose. He took her hand and said: "God bless you and give you His spirit in the hour of need. Peace be with you. Good by."

She thanked him through her tears and then went slowly down the stairs.

The next day Atelie took the boat for Skien, arriving there in time to catch the last boat up the canal to Thorvand. It was late when she arrived at Heimstad. No one met her on the landing and so she carried her valise up to the house alone. Sister Nordo was extremely pleased to see her and hear the conference news. Helga was away. Brother and Sister Nordo listened eagerly that evening to Atelie's account of her visit.

The next morning's post brought a letter to Atelie. It had the Strand post mark and the girl opened it with trembling fingers. It was not from Halvor, but from his mother inviting her to spend a few weeks with them.

So Halvor had not forgotten her. Hope came back. He had certainly suggested the note. She did not delay long. The next day the little steamer bore her down to Skien again. Halvor met her at the station at Strand. He was much more reserved than usual but expressed himself pleased to see that she had not forgotten her promise. Fru Steen gave her a warm welcome. She was nearly as tall as Atelie, with clear cut, prominent features, and hair turning gray.

"It was good of you to come so soon," said she to the girl. "I need some

pleasant company; besides you must be lonesome by yourself up at Heimstad, and I thought we two could help each other so much."

"I hope we shall, Fru Steen."

"I'm sure of it; but then do not call me Fru. Say mother. I like it better from young people, besides you had better begin now." She smiled knowingly at her.

Atelie was pleased with her, and they did help each other in many ways. Halvor was absent a great deal. His trips up the coast buying fish took him away for days at a time and he did not see much of Atelie. When at home he did not seemingly care to meet her alone. Never did he act as a lover. Not once did he speak of the scene in the railroad car or ask her for the reasons of her strange actions towards him. He held his peace.

A week passed, and still there was no change between the two young people. The situation was getting unbearable to her, and she decided to speak if he would not. One evening they were alone. Halvor was apparently absorbed in his paper and Atelie was busy with some fancy work. Without looking up she said:

"Halvor, why did your mother invite me to pay her a visit?"

"Because I asked her to." He laid his paper on the table and looked at her.

"But we are acting a farce. Why should we two try to deceive each other?"

"That's what I too should like to know."

"Yes; I know that you think I am trying to deceive you, but I am not. You know I am a Mormon. I will answer to my best knowledge any question you may ask me, to clear up any mystery about me and my treatment of you. That's what I came here for."

Had Halvor followed the natural impulse then he would have gone to her. Her manner unarmed him. It had been hard enough to act as he had during the week, but he kept his seat by the table.

"I suppose the fact that you have become a Mormon clears up much of your strange actions?"

Then she told him clearly why non-Mormons were not invited to the sacrament meeting in Christiania and he admitted the wisdom of the precaution.

"But why, Atelie, could you not give me a definite answer to the question I asked you on the way to Christiania?"

Atelie plied her work in silence. He saw the lips move but did not hear the prayer which came from her heart.

"You mean in the car? Why I could not promise to marry you?"

"Yes."

"I will tell you. I cannot marry anyone but a Latter-day Saint."

It was done. The die was cast. She had chosen between love and duty. God direct the results.

She had not expected it so soon. She had thought of it as something afar off, as a last resort, and here it was. This was the end of her scheming, the climax where there would be a turn.

Halvor Steen sat as one dumblounded. The color in his face came and went. She certainly was not trifling, but all he could say was:

"Atelie, why do you talk like that? You do not mean what you just now said?"

"I do mean it. I have a work to do, Halvor, a great work for my father and his kin, and a Latter-day Saint must help me. Do not misjudge me again, Halvor. Some day I hope you will understand."

"I hope so. I acknowledge I do not now."



"You are angry with me again." She went up to him, but his emotional face startled her, and she stepped back.

"You do not care for me."

"Would to God I did not," said he bitterly.

"Halvor Steen, you will repent that saying. Your mother is home, and I shall go. Good night. Do not condemn me." Trembling with emotion she passed out of the room.

*Nephi Anderson.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WILLIE'S LETTER.

I AM a letter. To look at me you would say I was only a piece of white paper with a lot of funny little black marks on it, and you would never think that I could see or talk, or that I know anything. What you see though depends upon the kind of eyes you have. You know there is all kinds of light in this world and if we only have the right kind of eyes we can see everything. My eyes can see in the dark, and they can look right through all sorts of things, like the X rays, and see what is going on. My ears are good, too, and I can hear things that you would never think anyone could hear. Oh, it's grand and wonderful to have such eyes and ears and then, too, to have a good heart; one then can understand the things one sees and hears. But I can't tell you all I know at once; and I started to tell of how I came to be a letter, and of a journey I made. A little boy wrote me, and I am called Willie's letter. I suppose he thinks he made me; but that is not so. God is my maker, as He is yours and every-body's; but then Willie is only a little boy and don't know about all the things God made.

Willie's papa is away off in one of

the Eastern States on a mission, and Willie had a lot of things he wanted to tell him, so he wrote me and sent me to tell them. The ink that is in me blacked Willie's fingers nicely while he was writing, and I couldn't help laughing when his mamma asked him what was the matter with his nose; for his nose had itched and he rubbed it with his blackened finger, and was so busy he did not know anything was wrong until his mamma asked him to look in the glass. Then he told her he had been writing to papa. I was lying on the table then, and could see and hear everything; but presently Willie's mamma took me and folded me up two or three times, making some creases in my broad white body—creases that I suppose I shall have as long as I am a letter, for its hard to get creases out you know—and put me into a neat white package called an envelope. She wrote papa's address on this package and stuck a queer little red picture with some letters and figures on it in one corner, and let Willie take me down the street to the corner where he dropped me into a nice red iron box that was set upon a post. This was a great change for me, and I felt like something was going to happen. But I had faith that everything would be all right with me, and I didn't worry much. I'm only a letter, and of course must fill my mission in life. My duty now was to carry Willie's message to his papa in good order, and while accidents might happen that I could not prevent, if I did my whole duty I felt that all would come out right. There were many more letters dropped into the box where I was, large and small, clean and dirty, white and yellow, and buff and blue, but no two alike. Each had some marks or traits that were its

own, and each had its special message to carry to a particular person. Some carried peace and joy and happiness, while others were loaded down with sorrow and misery; but not a single one that had nothing. By the time we got into the post office there were thousands of us together, but we each had our duty to perform, and not one of us could be idle or neglect that duty. To have done anything like shirking the work we had given us to do, would have been too bad. It would have destroyed the very object of our existence, and we would have deserved the most severe punishment.

But we had no notion of neglecting our duty and taking such stamps and marks and bruises as were necessary in doing it quickly and well.

Our letters in the office were assorted and spread out on a table and every one of us stamped to show that we started on our journey to all parts of the world from the same place. It was strange to know that we had all been gathered from so many persons and brought together only to be so stamped, then separated again and sent out on so many different ways! But that was our experience.

Time for closing the mails came and all was bustle and noise. To one who could only hear the noise, the shuffling of feet, the thump of the stamp and the rustling of paper, it might have seemed that confusion reigned; but not so. The strictest order prevailed. Up to the time of mail closing I had moved very leisurely, and no one seemed to be in a hurry, but now all was different. Everybody that touched me seemed to do it with a nervous haste that was at first quite alarming. After being stamped, I was hastily gathered up and thrust into a heavy leather bag. The

bag was locked with an iron lock. The sack was picked up by a strong man, carried out of the office and thrown into a wagon that was boarded up so no one could get into it, and the door was locked. There were several sacks of us letters and a number of sacks of papers and packages in the wagon together, and the driver now started off at a swinging trot for the depot. Arrived at the station several men gathered around the wagon and the door was opened, the sacks dragged out, and not very gently, for I got several bumps that made my head ache, and set stars dancing before my eyes. We were thrown on a big, heavy truck, and were then taken to a car and thrown in, and the car door was locked. There were three or four men in the car with us when the train pulled out; and as soon as we started on our journey they opened some of the sacks, and again assorted the letters and papers and packages putting them into small leather bags or big pouches, and throwing one out when a small station was reached. At large stations several sacks would be thrown off and they would strike on the trucks with a bounce that made me feel sorry for them. I was going to take a long ride, and it was nearly three days and nights before I was taken out of the bag I had been put in when I left the office where I was first stamped. This long ride was a great experience for me. I suppose you would have become tired and cross; but it was only a delight for me. I was only moved two or three times and that was to change cars. The rest of the time I could take my ease and either listen to the stories told by the mail clerks, or look out through the sack and through the sides of the car and watch the fields and fences and trees as they sped past

in their backward flight, for you know it seemed like they were all flying backward—or listen to the singing of the rails and the clickety—click—click of the wheels passing over the joints. Here was a rushing mountain stream that sped along beside the track, and finally dodged under it and got away; there a rugged mountain towering up into the blue sky and then a deep gorge that followed us along and threatened to engulf the whole train, and all this followed by long stretches of level plain reaching as far as the eye could see in every direction. It would seem funny to you who have always seen the sun rise and set behind mountains, to see him go to bed in a cornfield or rise out of the tall grass. It did to me, until I remembered that I had seen it all before.

And then at night to watch the moon sailing through the sky, a world of shining light, and the stars as they winked and twinkled in the blue; to see the cloud of fiery smoke as it burst out of the funnel of the engine and trailed backward over the train, dropping its trail of red hot cinders on the cars and along the track; to look into the flaming furnace of the engine and see the black coal, as it was shoveled in by the fireman change to red and then to white under the blast of the fans and hear the iron monster throb and tremble as the water in its boiler was changed to steam through the roaring heat. Oh! It was a grand wild ride. It was a journey a king might wish to take. At last my journey was ended, and parted from most of my companion letters and in a small pouch, but still securely locked, I was taken from the car at a small station, and after a short but pleasant ride in a light spring wagon over a country road I landed in a village post office,

and was handed to Willie's papa by a pretty girl. Once in his hand I could see the smile of joy that shone on the face of Willie's papa. And as he read the pleasant message from his darling boy at home, and learned that God had preserved his loved ones and given them peace and plenty, I could feel the throbbing of his heart and knew that my duty had been nobly done. I felt oh, so proud and thankful that I had brought him peace. This good man calls me "Willie's Letter."

*S. H. Hobson.*

#### DO WHAT YOU CAN.

IN the vestibule of a beautiful marble-front mansion on Michigan Avenue, stood a young girl. She was gazing despondently at the grey sky and the striped awning, whose deep scallops flapped violently in the wind, as if trying to make the weather seem worse than it really was.

"No prospects of anything but a dismal day," she exclaimed impatiently, "And the lovely drive mamma and I had planned will come to nothing. How tiresome, that the day should be so disagreeable, especially as yesterday was so lovely. But there's no depending on an April day."

She began tracing the flowers on the door-glass with a scarfpin.

"Miss Martyn says its an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I wonder who'll be benefited by this one."

"Miss Martyn is very sweet. What was it she said last Sunday about filling out our lives with usefulness and making it a fit offering for God? Well its very easy to say such things, but goodness, what can a person do? What could I do for instance?"

She stopped and looked reflectively

at the lamp-post without, as if expecting a solution of the question from it.

"Yes," she went on, "if papa could be called to go on a mission to Afghanistan or China, there might be prospects of making myself useful. Then I could teach the Zulu children to read, or start a kindergarten in China. Wouldn't that be funny? And perhaps we might be mobbed and murdered in the end. Surely that would be filling out ones life with usefulness. Yes, that would be beautiful. But I don't suppose papa will ever be sent on a mission, being a banker."

She began tracing again. "Or if I was twenty-four instead of fourteen I might start a mission-school right here for poor children. Or if mamma would let me, I might try to teach some poor children now how to draw, and paint and music. But perhaps that wouldn't be of much use to them; and of course mamma wouldn't let me do such a thing now, anyway. So I don't see that I can do anything that the Lord would care about. No not a thing.

"Dear me! not a vestige of change in the looks of things overhead. Those awnings ought to be drawn up.

"There's that girl again, across the street with her bucket and scrubbing stone, going at those steps. She fills up her life with usefulness, I should think. I should know what day of the week it was just by watching her incomings and outgoings." She smiled complacently at her own words and began to look up the street.

"Well I never! I wonder if that's a bird or a human thing?"

She was watching a little girl who came flying down the street, with arms outstretched in her shawl like the wings of a bat, head bare, and a bag tied round her waist from which Joyce, that

was the name of the young girl, concluded that she out in search of cold victuals.

The child stopped right in front of the banker's handsome iron gate, flapped her arms like two wings and jumped up and down half a dozen times, making her big, flat-bottomed shoes clatter till the noise could be heard all over the neighborhood. Then she pulled the shawl up over her head and entered the gate.

Joyce flew out of the vestibule, along the hall and down the stairs to the basement door, which she reached just as the bell was timidly pulled.

"Come in, little girl," said Joyce kindly. "What do you want?"

"I just come to see if yer had any cold victuals?"

Joyce turned questioningly to the servant, who had come to answer the bell, but she shook her head.

"I guess not."

"Why, there must be," protested Joyce, "I know there was lots left after breakfast—more than you could eat down here."

"Maybe there was, 'n if so cook has turned it in the swill barrel I s'pose." Joyce felt sorry.

"Oh, do go and see if there is'n't some bread and a couple of eggs, raw ones."

"Well if you'll take this on your own responsibility, Miss Joyce."

"Yes, I'll tell mamma."

The girl went, and Joyce was elated at having this curious looking being from a world so different to her own, all to herself, and began questioning her at once.

"What's your name little girl? Topsy?"

"No'm, Minerva."

"Minerva?"

"Yes'm."

"Why, who gave you that name?"

"I was named after my grandma's old cat."

Joyce laughed.

"She must have been a very wise cat?"

"Yes'm I guess she was. I kin remember her. She used to could smell when ma was going after meat—that was before my pa died, we useter get meat then off'n on, mos' every day."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Ever since he had the small pox."

Joyce involuntarily drew back.

"I aint got 'm," declared the child hurriedly, lifting her brown face earnestly to Joyce.

Joyce colored and came nearer again.

"Of course you haven't," she said.

"How old are you?"

"Seven."

"How many are you in the family?"

"Twelve."

"Twelve! My goodness!"

"Well, that's counting the cat and her kittens," she added hurriedly. "She's just had six of 'em, lovely ones. Don't you want one?"

Joyce tried hard to keep her face straight and assured her she would like one very much.

"Then I'll fetch you the one we've named Beauty; she's the prettiest of 'em all."

The girl had now come back with the bread and eggs, and Joyce gave the child a dime she had in her pocket, and she departed in high spirits.

That same afternoon the little girl came back bringing with her the kitten, which Joyce paid her fifty cents for, and told the child she could come again some other time.

The kitten was a pretty little white thing, and Joyce at once tied a scarlet

satin ribbon around its neck and exhibited it to the whole family, who duly admired it.

Toward evening the wind went down and the sun came out. Joyce put a shawl around herself and the kitten and took it down the back yard for fresh air, as she said.

In walking about the yard she came to the swill barrel, which was almost full, and she stopped and looked absently at the pieces of meat, potatoes, fish-balls, stale bread, canned corn, etc., all mixed with burnt crusts, potato and onion peelings, and divers other things. Joyce stood long looking at all this, vaguely feeling that there was enough to keep a whole family on.

The cook passed over the yard on her way to the alley with her "ash-bucket."

"The idea, Miss Joyce, of taking the kitten out for fresh air, and then holding him over the swill barrel." Joyce looked up and drew away.

"What do you do with that swill, Annie?"

"Why we give it to the man that comes for it of course."

"Does he pay you anything for it?"

"Pay us for it? My sakes! no indeed, we're glad to get rid of it for nothing."

"But there's lots of things in here that could be eaten."

"Well, Miss, if you're going to turn bossy an' poke your nose into swill-barrels 'n things, you can tell your ma from me, that my week's up Tuesday, next."

"Oh, Annie. I did'n't mean that. I was only thinking it could be saved for poor people, before it was put in here."

"Well then you can save it yourself, I haven't got time to go fuss with such things, that's all." And the offended cook walked proudly off with her bucket.

Joyce sat down on the broad steps leading to the back porch and reflected; gently rocking herself and the kitten forward and back.

"I believe I could manage it," she mused after a while, "by getting up a little earlier and coming down right after the girls have eaten. I'll go and ask mamma about it."

Half an hour later she came down to the kitchen again, looking somewhat confused.

"Annie," she began hesitatingly.

"Yes'm," short and brisk from the cook.

"I'd like to ask a favor of you."

"Oh all right, Miss," somewhat softer.

"Could you—would you let me come down after each meal and help you clear the table—that is—let me take care of all the leavings, and save them for the poor? And if I store it away in nice clean pans and dishes, would you be kind enough to give it to them when they come?"

The cook said nothing and Joyce continued stammering: "You see I would—like to make myself of some good to somebody—and I can't think of anything else—its so little; but I'd like to make my life"—here she broke down entirely and laying her head on the kitchen-table, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

But now the cook was all melted. She went over and patted the child's soft curls, gently.

"Oh bless you, darling! Of course I'll help you that much; and I think its very nice of you to do that. And I'll go gather up some old, clean things and set 'em in the pantry for your own use. And when warm weather comes we'll put 'em down in the refrigerator.

"The worst objection to it, is that we'll have the westside poor, swarming

down on us like flies, and the bell will be ringing pretty lively all day, and keep Minnie running. But if you say a good word to her I'm sure she'll do it."

Joyce raised her tear-stained face and expressed her willingness to speak to Minnie.

"On Saturdays, you know, I can tend to it all myself, and if Minnie will do it the other days, I'll do up my own room every morning to help her."

"Oh, then I'll answer for Minnie. She isn't half bad, I can tell you."

And so it was arranged.

Half a year later when Miss Martyn spoke to her Sunday School girls about what they had each done to benefit somebody, as she had advised them, each one related something she had done. Joyce's turn came last. It seemed so little to tell she was almost ashamed of it. "But I love to do it," she concluded, "and it seems so little trouble." And when she was about to go, she felt Miss Martyn's arms around her, and she whispered softly in the girl's willing ear: "What you have done for those little ones you have done for Him."

*Sophy Valentine.*

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THE only way by which we can win another for ourselves is by giving ourselves to that other. Hearts are only bought by hearts; love's flame can only be kindled by love's flame.

THE lives of men who have been always growing are strewed along their whole course with the things which they have learned to do without.

REMEMBER that good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and refinement and then translated into behavior.

SPARE moments are the gold dust of time.

## HISTORICAL ENGLAND.

## The Palace of Westminster.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 448.)

ONE leaves grand old Westminster Abbey with its many historical associations, its architectural beauties, statuary, and memorial tablets with regret. He

the sake of saying that he has been there. Carlyle was wont to term this stately edifice "an abominable pile of architectural confectionery."

However, as the writer is no connoisseur upon architecture, the Houses of Parliament appear to his uncultured eyes a magnificent structure worthy of



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

would like to linger longer, and wend his way across the street whence it is only a few steps until he is within the shadow of the new Palace of Westminster, or what perhaps is better known as the Houses of Parliament.

Every tourist and provincial has to visit this structure, even if it is only for

England and her greatness. The detail work connected with the apparently innumerable pinnacles with which the building is surmounted and flanked, surpasses his feeble powers of description, not to mention the Victoria and Clock Towers, in the latter of which hangs Big Ben, that booms out the



hour with a mighty stroke that rises even above the ceaseless roar of the London traffic.

The Palace of Westminster, as the pile is sometimes designated, is truly a magnificent sight, the enjoyment in the contemplation of which is intensified from the fact that the contemplator can gaze open mouthed in comparative security as regards his purse and watch, for pickpockets flourish not in or around the precincts of the home of Britain's law-makers from obvious reasons. For to paraphrase Shakespeare slightly, "doth not each bush—or rather lamp-post—hide a detective?" Policemen! why the woods are full of them, so much so that some wag observed that "Westminster is famous as being the place where the policemen come from." Be that as it may, England from past experience believes in protecting her public buildings and shadowing the forms of her most obnoxious (from the anarchist's standpoint) statesmen with skillful detectives, hence it is that the average sneak thief deems the salubrious atmosphere of the Palace of Westminster uncongenial to his respiratory organs. Thus when the prospective sightseer has successfully run the blockade outside so to speak, he finds that within he has to run a perpetual gauntlet of men in blue likewise.

In order to enter the Houses of Parliament when the House is in session, it is necessary to get a permit signed by a member therein, which can be obtained under favorable circumstances and conditions at the American embassy; armed with this formidable document and the price of—well let us be charitable—a few ginger beers, one marches boldly in search of knowledge past the man in blue, who is magically transformed in the twinkling of an eye

from a roaring lion to a respectful and meek public servant.

The House of Parliament is essentially a modern building, having been erected in the years 1840-47, up to which date Britain's congress had met in the old structure which was a most unsightly and inconvenient place in which to meet in solemn assembly. Accordingly plans were advertised for, and Mr. Charles Barry was the lucky architect whose drawings were accepted. It goes without saying that it was only a short time until plebeian, Mr. Charles blossomed out into a full blown Sir Charles Barry, and his fortune was made.

As can be seen from the illustration, the Palace of Westminster abuts upon the River Thames, being divided from the same by a solid wall of Aberdeen granite. The Palace itself is built entirely of magnesian lime stone as regards the exterior, while the interior of the building, is composed of caen rock. The entrance is from the opposite side as shown in the cut. One can enter through Palace Yard where one sees hundreds of tame pigeons strutting around in search of stray grains that may escape the nosebags of the numerous cab horses whose owners are lying in wait for prospective fares. These birds are so accustomed to mankind, that a novice is almost afraid of treading upon them, until he finds out that it is not such an easy feat as it appears to be. But let us enter through Westminster Hall. After ascending the stone steps we find ourselves within a large hall, built of stone and covered in by a grand old roof, supported by massive black carved oak girders and beams. The floor of this hall, save for the presence of a few statues dotted along the sides of the walls, is entirely

bare. Of historic interest Westminster Hall has had its share ever since it was originally built in the year 1097. However, it was almost entirely rebuilt, and the roof (the beauty and constructive skill of which so interests architects and antiquarians) was erected by Richard II, 1398. The first notable event that took place within its walls was, strange to say, the disposition of that very king himself the year following. During the year 1224, the great law courts of England were held in this hall where they remained until moved on to the Strand in the year 1888.

These old stone walls have looked down upon the installation of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector of England, vice King Charles I. beheaded. Such is the irony of fate. A few years later these same walls bore aloft upon pikes the head of Cromwell, together with those of his associates, Ireton and Bradshaw, whose bodies had been exhumed from their graves and their skulls stuck on high to be reviled by the rabble.

Within these walls Parliament sat in judgment upon Charles I., and had sentenced his faithful servant, Earl Stafford to be beheaded on the same spot a few months previously. Here also took place the trial and acquittal of the seven bishops during the reign of James II. These walls further witnessed the trial of Warren Hastings in later days, besides numerous other trials, and ceremonials connected with the stirring periods of English history. The last occasion on which the hall was used was the coronation banquet of George IV. As one stands at the top of the broad flight of stone steps that leads from St. Stephens porch and looks down into the hall he will notice at the far end on the right side, a comparatively small, massive oak door, that

apparently leads through the wall; this is no less than the entrance to the famous Star Chamber, so notorious in history, an arbitrary court of law in which the king used to attend in person as judge. The court being held in secret, it was called the Star Chamber from the decorations of the room in which the sittings were held. This court was first instituted by King Henry VII. Half way down this flight of steps mentioned above, are affixed two brass plates or tablets inserted in the stone to commemorate the trials of King Charles I. They bear the following inscriptions:

"This tablet marks the spot where Charles Stuart, King of England stood before the court which sat pursuant to the ordinance, for erecting a High Court of justice for his trial which was read the first, second and third time, and passed by Parliament on the 4th of January, 1648. The court met on Saturday 20th, Monday 22nd, Tuesday 23rd, and on Saturday 27th, January, 1648-9, when the sentence of death was pronounced upon the king.

"The trial of the king was by order of the Court, held where the courts of King's Bench and Chancery sat in Westminster Hall, and this tablet marks the position of the Bar that separated those courts from the length of the Hall."

It was on the identical spot where these brass tablets lie, that the unhappy monarch stood when he received his death sentence. For five years had this king with the flower of England's nobility met the Roundheads with varying success upon the battle fields, from one end of England to the other, beaten on every hand, and as fortified town after town fell before that now disciplined and fanatical puritan army, and

Newark the last loyal town was being vigorously besieged, Charles fled from Oxford to the North, where he threw himself upon the mercy of the Scottish army, playing the last bold stroke and relying upon their affection for their native prince to be the means of saving him. Needless to say the Scots were rather surprised at this unannounced visit, and promptly made Charles Stuart a prisoner. As a prisoner the poor king had rather a hard time of it with the Presbyterian preachers who could not restrain their zeal and did not mince words when indulging in remarks before the monarch. One of these camp preachers in a sermon delivered before the king gave Charles a terrible time of it, and finally wound up by ordering the 52nd Psalm to be sung:

Why dost thou tyrant boast thyself  
Thy wicked deeds to praise.

Whereupon the king stood up with a meekness and dignity that touched even those rigid enthusiasts. Called for the 56th Psalm instead:

Have mercy Lord on me I pray,  
For men would me devour.

One cannot help but admire Charles who with all his faults was no coward as he stood there upon the spot marked out now by those brass plates, alone, deserted by all those who had fawned around him and encouraged him in his excesses and extravagances, sold by the Scots to his enemies. Alone he stood—for even his wife and six children were in France—scornful and contemptuous, with his hat on, while the sentence of death was read to him, and when a few moments later the soldiers were incited by their officers to insult him on that occasion, and some even to the extent of spitting at him as he passed, he only said, "Poor souls, they would treat their generals in the same manner for

sixpence." Attended by his faithful chaplain Tuxton, he walked out from a window at White Hall, January 20th, 1649—within gunshot from where he was tried—to the scaffold where the masked executioner struck off his head, and holding it up by its long curly locks cried, "This is the head of a traitor." Today King Charles' name is to be found on the Roman Catholic calendar of Saints, under the title of Saint Charles the martyr, and handkerchiefs that were dipped in his blood are esteemed priceless relics.

*Geo. E. Carpenter.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### THE USE OF ALCOHOL.

SOME interesting facts connected with the use of alcohol have appeared in a Paris paper called *La Nature*. The statements are entitled to more consideration and weight because the editor frankly avows that he does not favor total abstinence, and he touches only on the purely scientific aspects of the question. He says it has been conclusively proved that fermented drinks retard the chemical processes of digestion. Pure whiskey mixed with the digestive fluids in the proportion of one per cent. increased the time required for digestion by six per cent. He says, "If anyone thinks that wine and strong drinks have sustaining power, it is only because, first, these drinks excite the nervous system and seem to give strength, and secondly, because the feeling of hunger is postponed by the very fact that digestion is retarded."

An experiment was made with twenty laboring men who drank nothing but water, and twenty men who drank wine, beer, and brandy. At the end of twenty

days the work was measured. The workmen who drank strong liquors did the best for the first six days; then there was a kind of period of reaction; finally, the water-drinkers did at least three times the work of their rivals. This experiment was tested by changing the men: the water-drinkers were made to adopt for twenty days the drinking of wine, beer, and brandy, and the wine-drinkers were put for the same period on clear water. This time, too, the water-consuming workmen ended by doing a quantity of work notably superior to that of the wine-drinkers.

The conclusion naturally follows, for prolonged effort the use of alcohol lessens the muscular power; in other words, the human machine fed with water gives out more energy than with alcohol. It is a fallacy, therefore, to assert that wine gives strength. For a momentary effort it may, but for prolonged work it will not.

Water is the natural drink. Water is always ready to quench thirst. There must come a time with the drinkers of wine, beer, cider, and all fermented drinks, when the effect upon their systems is injurious. They should, therefore, be avoided. Some people think they can drink a little; but this writer calls attention to the fact that drinking a little glass after each meal twice a day makes 750 little glasses at the end of the year, and this amounts to a number of quarts of alcohol.

The importance of using water as a beverage is one that ought to be impressed on all our little folks. They should never allow any of these intoxicating beverages to pass their lips.

One of the most pernicious errors into which the religious world has fallen, and which is a libel on our Great

Creator, is the doctrine that children who are not sprinkled with water by a priest cannot be saved. This is a horrible and blasphemous doctrine, and the Latter-day Saints ought to be profoundly thankful to the Almighty for His revelations upon this subject, which have been given with great clearness.

A priest by the name of G. Lee, in the "Catholic World," says that one-half million of American children die annually "unregenerated by the saving waters of baptism." He says that the cause "of these most helpless and most immediately necessitous members of our human family is simply awful and heart-rending. Unfitted for heaven, they pass from among us in endless throngs, while we stand idly by and do next to nothing." \* \* \* "These hundreds of thousands of children are ceaselessly passing into their fixed eternal state. Does it matter nothing what that state may be? They are human beings, and their lot is everlasting." \* \* \* "Religion teaches that the difference for these children between going away baptized and going away unbaptized is just the difference between possessing and not possessing the beautiful vision of God in heaven for all eternity. The baptizing depends on us, but the consequences are for the helpless ones whose fate was, happily or unhappily, placed in our hands."

To strengthen his position, and to show how proper it is that children should be sprinkled, he quotes the saying of the Lord,

"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

What a dreadful perversion of scripture this is, and how blind must be the man who calls himself a minister of the

Gospel and yet will apply such a quotation as this—the words of the Lord Jesus to Nicodemus—to the cases of little innocent children!

Contrast this doctrine with the doctrine of Christ. Happily for us, the Lord Jesus, who is the head of the Church, at one time gave a revelation to one of His servants concerning this very doctrine, and we have it in its purity as it came from Him. It seems there were disputations among the people called Nephites concerning the baptism of little children.

The Prophet Mormon heard of these contentions, and he wrote to his son Moroni upon the subject, and requested him to labor diligently, that that gross error should be removed from them. It appears that he enquired of the Lord concerning the doctrine, and the word of the Lord came to him to this effect:

"Listen to the words of Christ, your Redeemer, your Lord and your God. Behold, I came into the world not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance: the whole need no physician, but they that are sick; wherefore little children are whole, for they are not capable of committing sin; wherefore the curse of Adam is taken from them in me, that it hath no power over them; and the law of circumcision is done away in me."

Mormon himself calls the baptism of little children "solemn mockery before God." He says that "little children need no repentance, neither baptism." Continuing his reasoning, he says:

"Little children are alive in Christ, even from the foundation of the world; if not so, God is a partial God, and also a changeable God, and a respecter to persons; for how many little children have died without baptism.

"Wherefore, if little children could

not be saved without baptism, these must have gone to an endless hell."

This whole epistle is full of beautiful thoughts and instruction upon this very important subject. It is found in the 8th chapter of the book of Moroni.

Not only is this doctrine made plain in this epistle, but all through the Book of Mormon numbers of prophets have written upon the same subject and shown the justice of the Almighty as manifested towards little children, and also to all those unto whom His laws have not been revealed.

In the revelations which have been given in our day, also, which are in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, the same principle is set forth in great plainness.

One of the great blessings which the revelation of the Gospel has brought to the children of men in our day is the vindication of the character of our Father in heaven. Who could believe that the Lord was a just being if He would consign one child to a state of misery because he had not been sprinkled, and exalt another child to His presence because he had been sprinkled? Children are incapable of attending to these things for themselves, and how cruel it would be to discriminate in favor of one and against another in this manner!

Is it any wonder that such a doctrine has driven men into infidelity? Many men could not adore a being such as many ministers of religion represent the Lord to be.

In the same manner they have said that the millions of heathen who never had the opportunity of hearing the name of Jesus, or of knowing anything about the ordinances of salvation, would be sent to hell. No man could reconcile

such treatment to poor, ignorant people as just or right; therefore, they could not worship a Being who would do such things as a just, loving and merciful Being.

But the revelations which the Lord has given to us in our day exhibit Him in His true light. It can be seen that He possesses the attributes of justice, mercy, truth, love, because His plan of salvation is perfect, and does no wrong nor commits any injustice upon any human being.

*The Editor.*

#### A HAPPY MISTAKE.

JOHN BARRY walked out of the Murray Hill Hotel the picture of physical health and strength. Life on the plains, as a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Eleventh Regiment of cavalry, had given him the former; West Point training and nature had given him the latter. He was handsome, too, and had he been but rich, the girl who could have refused his proffered hand would have been a curiosity. But, alas! like most of his comrades, he was poor. Not that he cared a continental, as he would have said himself, but he ascribed the one back handed slap that he had ever received from Dame Fortune to his poverty; that is, to his pay of \$1500 a year and no more. Of course it was a girl that did it. Young officers take nothing seriously except girls—and unfortunately very few girls take young officers seriously. It is one thing to flirt and dance with a handsome fellow in a blue uniform, with a yellow stripe on his trousers and painfully new looking shoulder straps on his shoulders, and quite another to marry one and live on the plains with him to the accompaniment of a Chinaman's cooking and so forth.

Jack had fallen in love with a girl almost before the ink on his commission was dry; he had danced attendance to her a whole summer at the sea shore, and just before he had started West, to slay the remaining tribes of red men that previous graduates of the academy on the Hudson had carelessly overlooked, he had proposed and been quietly but firmly rejected.

The rejection was a stunner. He was convinced that the girl was in love with him. He rather thought that he was treating her with unusual fairness by being actually in love with her. She tumbled him off a very lofty perch with a little half whispered "No." He hardly believed his own ears when she said it. Then he suddenly discovered how much he really did love her. He could not live without her—no, not a day. He meditated suicide all one night, resolved to commit it, unfortunately went to sleep in his chair, woke up with an enormous appetite, ate a good breakfast—and changed his mind. He concluded that it would be much more romantic, and would make her feel worse, to waste his life, and then some day to tell her that it was all her fault. Ah, she would understand it all then.

After joining his regiment, however, Jack did not get an opportunity to waste his life. His colonel was an ideal cavalryman, there was plenty of work to do in Arizona, and he spent two years practically in the field. It was a good thing for him. It kept his mind at work; he had no opportunity to spend his salary, and therefore was obliged to save it; so that at the end of that time, when he managed to get a three months' leave of absence, he had a little money and a good deal of common sense. He had developed. Instead of wasting his life, he found that he was

full of healthy ambition, and while he could not forget that girl he had grimly resolved to get along without her. He did propose to do one thing, however, and that was to get to New York as fast as railways could carry him, call on her, and let her know how well he was getting along without her. He reached the Murray Hill Hotel at noon—he was just leaving the hotel to call on her at eight.

She lived on Fifth Avenue. It was a delightful winter night, with a full moon, and he walked down to the house, repeating on the way, a dozen times or more, the question, "Is Miss Burroughs at home" so that his voice would not tremble the slightest particle even before the servant. His voice did not tremble, either, when the critical moment arrived, but he was a little astonished that the servant should usher him into the parlor without saying a word or even asking him for his card. He was still more astonished to find there was no light in the room save the stream of moonlight that slanted in at the windows, and the faint reflection from the snow in the street. Astonishment was not the word for the occasion when he saw Violet Burroughs herself leaning on the sill of the window in the moonlight; and he almost gasped when she said in the most matter of fact way, "I knew you would come back."

"Did you," he exclaimed, sinking uninvited into a chair.

"Yes," she repeated. Then he noticed that she was crying.

"I hope that I don't intrude—perhaps I would better call again?"

She paid no attention to the suggestion, but still looking out of the window said, "Your voice has changed already—a great deal."

"Yes, I suppose it has," he answered.

"You said you would be a changed

man, but I did not suppose it would affect you so soon," she continued, "Oh, it is dreadful, isn't it?"

"My voice? I did not know that it was. I'll have it trained——"

"How can you jest? You know I mean this affair of ours—your love for me."

"Oh!"

"When you jest you make me feel that you are desperate. You will not commit suicide, will you. Promise me that you won't!"

The conversation was becoming rather rapid. Jack had called for the purpose of saying not a word concerning the old love that he had so manfully buried—for the purpose, too, of letting her see how well he had buried it, and how nicely he was getting along without her after all; and here she was plunging into it herself in an almost unladylike manner, and dragging him along with her. More than that, she was rapidly opening the old wounds; and still more, she was resurrecting the old love. Why was she crying? Why did she expect him? How did she even know he was in town? She must have expected him to call that very evening, else she would not be acting in this—to say the least—highly informal manner. But the thing that pleased him most was the fact that the whole thing was so fresh in her mind. It was possible that even now she might be won by him. He answered her last question.

"I did think of suicide—but I gave the idea up. There is too much in life to live for—there are too many changes of luck—too many opportunities to win in the end what was refused in the beginning——"

"Oh, no—no—do not think that you can ever win my love."

"But Miss Burroughs, I did not come



here to win your love. You may remember that when we parted you assured me that you had a great respect for me, that you hoped you would see me often, in fact—er—I believe you said—er—that you would be a sister to me, or something like that—and I had no intention of compelling you to receive any unwelcome attentions."

"But you love me?"

"Well, I—er—I—"

"You must love me!"

"It shall be just as you say."

"I do not mean that, either. You would not have acted as you did unless you loved me."

"Well, I'll acknowledge"—he was getting just a little tender now—"that I do love you. I've tried to forget you, but I couldn't."

"You haven't had a very long time to try to forget."

"It has seemed very long indeed to me."

"Yes, it has to me, too. I have been sitting here at the window crying ever since."

This was a stunner. Sitting there crying ever since! Was it possible, or was the girl crazy? He never solved the question. The girl continued: "But I do not love you, and no matter what papa and mamma say, I will never marry you. I have never told you why. I'll tell you now. I love another."

"Another?"

"Yes, and have for a long time—and I never expect to see him again, for I sent him away, and he may be dead now, poor fellow. I thought it would be fun to reject him, and I really didn't know how much I cared for him—and then I thought he wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. But, oh, he did, and I have been the most miserable girl in the world ever since."

"Then it has always been quite a

hopeless case, so far as I am concerned?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me show you how bravely I can stand it. Let me be a brother to you. Tell me who he is. I'll go to him and bring him back to you. I have an idea that he will be very glad to come, whoever he is."

"No," (with a shake of the head), "he is too proud. He will never come back to me."

"Tell me who he is."

"You know him."

"Well?"

"He is Mr. Jack Barry of the army. You remember him at the sea shore two years ago."

Jack felt like shouting, but concluded that it wouldn't be quite the correct thing. He wanted to laugh with happiness, but he couldn't laugh while she was crying there in the corner. He saw it all now. She thought she was talking to some other fellow whom she had refused just before. Finally, he said, though:

"Yes, I know him very well, but he, too, has changed."

"In what way?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, his voice has changed too."

"That's nothing. I don't care how he has changed, if he only loves me as he used to."

"He does—and, by the way, his voice is very much like mine now."

It was not the words he had used, but the tone of voice in which he had spoken them that gave her woman's intuition the spur. She looked quickly up. He was standing now where she could catch the outlines of his figure.

She uttered a little exclamation, reached over to the wall, pressed an electric button, and—well, this is the end of my story.

✻ ✻ THE ✻ ✻  
**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AUGUST 15, 1897.

**EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**

LAYING HANDS ON THE SICK.

The Latter-day Saints have been contending for sixty-seven years for the faith once delivered to the Saints. They have taught the world that the Lord had instituted in His Church an ordinance for the benefit of the sick. The Elders have repeated the teachings of the Savior and the promises which He made to those who would believe and obey His Gospel. They have quoted what the Apostle James says in his 5th chapter 14th and 15th verses:

"Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord:

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

Because the Saints have believed in and taught this doctrine they have been greatly ridiculed and persecuted. The religious world have opposed this application of the Scripture, and ministers have taught that all these gifts have been done away with. In fact, it has been looked upon by many people as heathenish to do what the Apostle James taught in his day. But there has been a gradual growth in the minds of the people of the world in favor of this ordinance on behalf of the sick. More than one sect has taught that prayer may be the means of bringing benefit to the sick. The writings and teachings of the Elders

have had the effect of drawing the attention of religious people to this ordinance and the promises connected therewith.

Within a short period the Mennonites have had a camp meeting, at a place called Rogers ford, down in the Schuylkill Valley, Pennsylvania. The report concerning this meeting says that visitors saw a series of strange camp meeting sights, many sick ones appearing in public to be anointed with oil by the preachers. It seems that the women of the sect indulged in loud shouts, that attracted the people to the tent of one of the ministers. Hundreds began singing hymns, and took up their journey, with slow and measured tread, to the tent where the anointing was to be performed. Only a few could get into the tent, and the rest stood around it, singing and praying. The first man to present himself knelt before the ministers, and professed earnest faith in the words of James which are quoted above; then one of the ministers led in prayer, and a good many of the people shouted to the Lord to make their brother well; after which the man was anointed on the temples with olive oil taken from a cup that had been blessed. The next was a woman, who was anointed by the presiding elder. She lay in a species of trance for at least an hour after the anointing, while the hundreds of people sang and prayed. A great many other sufferers from bodily infirmities were anointed, amid intense religious fervor. People stood up, sang, shouted, clapped their hands. Strong men embraced each other and expressed their gladness.

The account which is given of these proceedings does not state whether any were healed or not.

To Latter-day Saints such conduct is very significant. We can see the great

change that has taken place in relation to the ordinance for the healing of the sick. There is no doubt that many sincere people exercise faith in this ordinance, and receive benefit from their prayers. But how much easier and better it would be for them to obey the ordinances of baptism and the laying on of hands, after having faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and repenting of their sins, and then have this ordinance administered to them by those having authority. The path is very plain which the Lord has marked out. His requirements are simple, and can easily be understood. They are not difficult in any respect. Then the blessing would come because of the promise which the Lord has made to those who keep His commandments. There are many people who want the Lord to come to their terms and to grant their desires without having regard to that which He requires.

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MANY clear thinking men perceive the bad effects that are following the exclusion of religious teaching from the schools. The rising generation are being taught all that is considered necessary in literature and science to make them intelligent and efficient members of society; but the Bible, which is the foundation of the morality of Christendom, is carefully excluded from the schools; and in the fear that one sect may get the advantage of another, theological teaching is rigidly excluded.

It now becomes apparent to many thousands that mere education in the elementals of learning will not of itself make good citizens. It is now perceived that to acquire a knowledge of geography and botany will not enable the student to comprehend the principles of right conduct. Neither the telescope of

the astronomer nor the hammer of the geologist, it is now admitted, will reveal to the student the rules for correct conduct. It is now urged that education must be broader in its scope than arithmetic and geometry. The highest aim and function must be the making of good citizens. But the question is asked, how can this be done unless children are trained in the principles of correct conduct? The safety of the State makes it essential that the youth of the schools should be taught justice and mercy as well as algebra and grammar.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York, who was selected as the preacher of the congregation of the late Henry Ward Beecher, has been speaking upon this subject. He says he does not plead for theological tenets; he does not plead for the Bible; but he pleads for training in righteous ways. He says, "Children ought to get a practical training in justice, mercy, truth, faith, hope, love, and goodness."

It is very well for Dr. Abbott to plead for these righteous principles; but how are they to be taught if the Bible be excluded from the schools? If religion be not permitted to enter within the walls of institutions of learning, how will it be possible to give practical training to the children in justice, mercy, truth, faith, hope, love, and goodness? The tendency of modern education is to remove all faith in God from the minds of the children. They are being made heathens very rapidly by the system in vogue; and it appears likely that before long we shall have generations that know no more about the Creator and His laws than did the Greeks or the Romans, developed as they were to great perfection in many directions, and yet Pagans so far as a true conception of man's relationship to his Creator was concerned.

THE correspondent who wrote to the editor concerning the baptism of children, and asking why children should be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, will find an article upon this subject in volume 31 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, page 449.

## BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

### The Downfall of Israel.

YOU remember that God commanded the Israelites not to marry among the heathen nations, and not to worship idols as the other nations did, for if they did so He would punish them; but when King Solomon became an old man he married many wives from among the heathen nations, and then, to please them he built altars for each of them, on which they might offer sacrifices to their idols. The Lord was very much displeased with him for doing so, and said that He would take the kingdom from him, or from his son rather, for when he died his son Rehoboam should only have a small portion of the kingdom, and some one else should be the king of the greater part of Israel.

After the death of Solomon the people came together to make his son Rehoboam the king, and they asked him to make their burdens lighter, because of late his father Solomon had been taxing them very heavily and had given them very hard work to do; but Rehoboam told them no, he was going to make their burdens still heavier, and so the people went home again and made up their minds that they would have some one else to be their king.

The tribe of Judah staid with Rehoboam and accepted him as their king, but ten of the tribes sent for a man

named Jeroboam and made him their king.

He went to live in a city called Shechem, near mount Ephraim, and he said to himself that if the people went to Jerusalem to worship, their hearts would turn to Rehoboam, king of Judah, and they would come and kill him and have Rehoboam for their king.

So he made two golden calves and put one in a city called Bethel and one in the city of Dan, and he told the people that it was too far for them to go to Jerusalem to worship, and so they might worship those golden calves, and for priests to offer sacrifices he chose the lowest or the most wicked of all the people, and he decided to have feast days for the people, the same as were kept by the tribe of Judah, but you see the Lord had not given him any authority to do those things; he had not been anointed king of Israel by any one who had the right to do so. And he had made priests of any man who was willing to serve in that office, whereas the Lord had said that no one should be priests except the Levites; and the tribe of Levi had remained with the tribe of Judah, under the leadership of Rehoboam.

You see Jeroboam was doing very wickedly, for he and his priests offered sacrifices unto the golden calves, and burned incense before them. One day when Jeroboam was standing near the altar, in Bethel and was about to burn incense upon it, a prophet whom the Lord had sent came out of Judah and came to the altar and spoke to it. He did not speak to Jeroboam, but he prophesied as if talking to the altar and told it that a man should be raised up after a while who should offer upon it those wicked priests, and that men's bones should be burnt upon it.

And he said as a sign that this should come to pass, the altar should break in two and the ashes should be spilled.

When Jeroboam heard these words he reached out his hand toward him and said "Lay hold on him," for he meant to have him killed, but as soon as he spoke his hand dried up and withered, so that he could not draw it back, and he then asked the prophet to pray to God for him, that his hand might be restored to its proper condition, and the prophet did so; but the altar broke and spilled all the ashes, as the prophet said it should do.

The king then asked the prophet to go home with him and have something to eat, but the man said no, for the Lord had told him not to eat or drink anything in that place, and that he should not come back by the same road that he went; so he started home by another road.

There was a man living in Bethel who had been a prophet years before; and his sons came home and told him what had happened, and which way the man had gone, so he saddled his mule and rode after him.

By and by he found the young prophet sitting under a tree, and asked him to go home with him and have something to eat, but the man said the Lord had told him not to eat anything in that place; then the man who had followed him said that he was a prophet also, and that an angel had told him to go and bring the man back to his house, that he might eat and drink; but he was telling a lie.

The young prophet should have insisted on going away without eating, as the Lord had told him to do, but he supposed the old prophet was telling the truth and so went back with him, and while they were eating, the word of

the Lord came to the old prophet that he should say to the young prophet that because he had disobeyed the Lord by coming back to eat and drink in the city of Bethel he should not have the privilege of being buried with his relatives.

After he had eaten and had a drink, he started on, but had not gone very far when a lion met him and killed him, but did not eat him; and he did not hurt the mule.

The lion and the mule both stood by the dead body of the prophet, and men who were passing and saw it, came into the city and told about it, and the old prophet saddled his mule and went after him.

He found the lion and the mule still standing by him and he took up the body of the young prophet, and laid it upon the mule and took it back to the city and buried it in a grave that belonged to him, and he told his sons that when he died he wanted to be buried in the same grave with the young prophet, for the words that he had spoken to the altar should surely come to pass, and the kingdom should be broken up.

*Celia A. Smith.*

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NO MAN can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

ADVERSITY yields benefits to those only who bring a willing heart and an intelligent mind to co-operate with fortitude and resignation. As Emerson has well said, "Men are ennobled by morals and by intellect; but those two elements know each other, and always beckon to each other, until at last they meet in the man, if he is to be truly great."

## Our Little Folks.

### JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

#### At Snowflake, Navajo Co., Arizona.

DEAR SISTER RICHARDS:—We are so interested in the letters written to the LETTER BOX, we thought it would not be amiss for us to write one.

As our parents have been raised in Utah and lived there most of their lives, we claim the privilege of loving Utah as well as those who live there.

We have heard of the grand Jubilee in Salt Lake City, and will tell of our Jubilee in Snowflake.

As some of our Pioneers could not go to the Jubilee in Salt Lake, we thought we would have a little Jubilee here for them, in order to show them honor and respect. They were Brother William W. Willis, Sisters Mary A. Savage and Sarah Miller, who were Pioneers of 1847. We also had William J. Flake and his wife, Lucy H. Flake, who were Pioneers of our little settlement.

During the day of the 24th of July, over our little village waved the "Red White and Blue."

At 10 a. m. a meeting was held, and during the meeting beautiful silken badges were presented to the Pioneers of 1847, also the Snowflake Pioneers, by Joseph W. Smith.

The Pioneers were given a seat of honor on the stand. The meeting was carried out according to the program that Brother Evan Stephens sent.

At 12 m. a feast was given the Pioneers and all over sixty years, at the residence of Brother and Sister John A. West. Among the guests was Brother Llewellyn Harris, the famous <sup>22</sup>Indian

Missionary. At this feast was provided as many good things as the land affords.

There was also a dinner given at Flake Brothers' Hall, for those under sixty and over twelve; and one at East-West Academy Hall for the children, under the direction of Sisters Phœbe Jones, Delilah Turley and Julia Ballard.

At 4 p. m. a procession was formed of about thirty-one wagons and carriages. They marched up through Taylor, a settlement three miles south of Snowflake. In front of the Taylor meeting-house, they formed a corral with the wagons, to show the children how they would camp on the plains. The Taylor people were on the ground awaiting us. The bands from both towns commenced playing, and many formed on to dance. Among the number were Brother Ralph Ramsey and Sister Mary Standiford, who were with the hand cart companies, and walked and pulled their carts across the plains.

We saw Sister Sarah Rogers Driggs dancing, too. Her husband, Starling Driggs, was one of Utah's Pioneers; he was killed a good many years ago, by being drawn into a threshing machine.

The marshal of the day, James M. Flake, looked handsome on his noble steed.

The invitation to dinner was extended to lunch, and quite a number spent the evening recounting many of their trials and the hardships they had endured. While the young people were merrily joining in the dance.

We all enjoyed this Twenty-fourth very much in the spirit of joy and thanksgiving.

This is the first time we ever tried to write for a paper.

With love we are,

*Martha Willis, age 15.*

*Mary West, age 13.*

## FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

SNOWFLAKE, NAVAJO CO., ARIZONA.

June 27th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I like the little letters in the JUVENILE. I was born in Mississippi. My father, mother, one brother and two sisters joined the Church of Jesus Christ there. We came on the cars to Holbrook station, and from there by wagon to Snowflake, seven years ago. I live with a lady named Sister Pearce. She has two children. Their names are Mildred and Lowell. I like them very much. This is my first attempt at writing for the Letter-Box. I am ten years old and have six studies at school.

*Etna Cooper.*

NEWLAND, NEVADA, June 27th, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I want to tell you about Spring Valley, Nevada, where I live. It is about ten miles long and from three to five miles wide. It is very cold in winter. The snow falls from one to two feet deep. Papa raises hay, grain and livestock. We milk seven cows this summer. Some summers we milk ten. Mamma raises chickens and ducks. We have twenty-seven cute little ducklings. The old "Mother Ducks" are so proud of them. But sometimes they fight over them. What do you think? One day I saw an old duck take a little one in its mouth, and shake it. The mother duck made her let go of it.

My little sister Nora has a pet dog. Her name is Bird. She loves water, and will jump in the big reservoir and fetch out sticks. She runs and plays hide and seek with us. It is quite lonesome here, for we do not have any Sunday Schools or meetings. And now Papa is away from home. He went to Provo City to have a cancer cut out. He has been a sufferer with it for six years. It

was on his lower lip. He has had it cut out now, and will be ready to start home soon. I have written a long letter and will close.

Yours Truly,

*Ella Mallett. Age 9 years.*

NEPHI CITY, JUAB CO.,

July 3rd, 1897.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—Reading the piece about some little girls and Easter, made me think of the way we spent our Easter, and how I have had to suffer since. We live on a farm a little north-west of Nephi. The land joining ours is covered with sage brush. We thought it would be nice to have Easter all to ourselves. Mother told us we could have all the eggs we wanted if we would wait till Easter. But we could not wait. I am going to tell you about my being burnt.

It was Tuesday and mother was washing. She wanted me to tend the baby, and I told her I would come back in a few minutes. My brother and sister and I took two eggs and some wood and straw. I carried the eggs, my brother carried the wood and some water, and my little sister carried the straw. When we got to the place where we were going to make the fire, I made the fire while my brother went after more eggs. The two eggs we had were too close to the fire and broke. While my brother was gone I was standing by the fire which caught my dress. I did not know it till my sister told me. I told her to pour some water on me, but she said "No, I will get on fire too!" Then I got down and rolled, but I could not put it out. So I ran to the house calling "Ma! Ma!" Mother came out with a quilt and smothered it out all she could. She tore off my clothes; my left arm was burnt very bad, and half of my back and down the



outside of my right arm was burnt too. Ma took me in the house and put some coal oil on me, which eased the pain. They sent for the doctor, and for my father and two brothers who were working in the field. I have been in bed now for twelve weeks. It is pretty hard lying in bed. My left hand has been taken off. The doctor did it while I was asleep. I did not know it till pa told me. Pa buried my hand in the garden. The Elders came and blessed me, several times while I was very bad, and I was always better afterwards.

The Lord has been very good to me, and spared my life so far, for which I am thankful. And I hope He will still bless me, and all of us.

Yours with love,

*May E. Tolley. Age 10 years.*

MAY E. TOLLEY,

Dear Little Sister:—Your very sad letter makes we weep for sympathy. But with you, I am thankful to the Lord for sparing your precious life. And also that you have your right hand still, and your faculties, so that you are able to write us such an intelligent letter. Your condition might have been rendered a great deal worse than it is. And I feel assured that all the children who read your letter, will unite with me in asking the blessings of God upon you, that you may be comforted and healed, and live to become a noble and useful woman in Zion. You will always be able to testify that we cannot be too careful to listen to the expressed desires of our parents, and that there is danger in the slightest disregard to their wishes.

*L. L. G. R.*

FARMINGTON, DAVIS CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX:—I am very pleased to hear of my dear little friends,

who are striving so hard to do what is right. I am also pleased to hear of the little gardeners and housekeepers who are doing so well. I, like the rest of you, enjoy going to Primary and Sunday School. We hold our Fast meetings on Sunday, and the children fast and go to Sunday School, where they get up and bear their testimonies, and we enjoy our meetings very much. I will now close my letter, asking God to bless you all.

Your new friend,

*M. A. P. Aged 14.*

SANDY, UTAH, July 17, 1897.

DEAR LETTER BOX:—I like to read the little letters in the JUVENILE. I have a little sister named Ruby, and I have four brothers. I like to go to school and am in the third reader. My birthday is five days before Christmas, and I am eleven years old.

Your true friend,

*Alzina Ball.*

SPRINGVILLE.

DEAR LETTER BOX:—I thought I would write a letter about my rabbits. I have sixteen little ones and five old ones. One of the little ones is black, some of them are grey and some are white with pink eyes. The other day I sold four young ones and bought me a harmonica. I want to try to learn a tune on it to play in Primary.

I have had twelve rabbits killed by the dogs. They tore my pen down and killed seven in one night. It made me feel very sorry to see so many lying around dead.

*Austin Houtz, age 9 years.*

A good face is a letter of recommendation as a good heart is a letter of credit.

**Sketch of my Grandfather's Travels.**

I heard my grandfather relate a story of his mission among the Zuna Indians. I felt interested and thought I would write about it.

In 1876 he was called by President Young to go to New Mexico and take charge of 111 Zuna Indians who had been baptized by Elders Ammon M. Tenney and Smith.

At the time of this call he had just returned from Arizona, where he had been with President D. H. Wells, and Apostles E. Snow, B. Young, Jr., and several others. While accompanying these brethren on their way to Arizona to visit the camps of the Saints there, the terrible accident occurred which resulted in the drowning of Elder Lorenzo D. Roundy, in the Colorado river.

My grandfather was on the boat when it filled with water. Brother Roundy said for all that could to swim ashore. President Wells was remarkably delivered and taken to shore by an unseen hand. Grandfather heard a voice say to him: "Don't try to swim or you will be drowned." So he got hold of Brother Wells' carriage, which was floating down the stream. Another man, trying to get hold of the carriage, knocked grandfather off and he was carried out in the stream and sank under the water. He came up by the carriage and took hold of it again. While under the water, he felt no inconvenience for want of breath.

They floated down the stream very rapidly. The man who had knocked grandfather off was on top of the carriage; no blame was attached to him in the great struggle for life.

They had a small boat which they had taken with them from St. George. Just before the accident, the little boat was put in the river and some young men had been playing with it. One of these

young men heard with joy the words: "Go with that boat and rescue those brethren." He instantly obeyed. But the brethren floated about a quarter of a mile down the rapids before the boat reached them, and they were landed safe on shore; grandfather, all the while had hard work to keep his head out of the water. Some of the brethren got ashore on planks. All were saved but Brother Roundy, who was captain of the company; he was seen no more.

*Alvenia Savage, age 11 years.*

WOODRUFF, NAVAJO CO., ARIZONA.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEVERAL of our little writers seem to be unable to understand, or to remember the differences in the meaning of the words *two*, *to*, and *too*.

I should like to help them to learn this little lesson, and will try to explain it very clearly, and in a way that will be easily remembered.

The word *two*, with *w* in is only used in numbers, and means double one, or twice one.

The *to* with but one *o* is used in many cases; sometimes to show motion toward something, as, "He goes *to* school;" or an address to some person, as, "She speaks *to* you." *Too*, with the double *oo* is used in two cases; it indicates more than enough, or also.

Words are often more readily called to mind after they have been seen in rhyme. The children who have trouble in remembering the lesson I am trying to teach, may like to memorize these lines:

*Two* of my brothers will go *to* the river,  
*To* fish and *to* swim with you;  
 I should like *to* go but I am *too* young,  
 Or mother would let me go *too*.

L. L. G. R.

Awarded  
Highest Honors—World's Fair,  
Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair.

•DR.

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MOST PERFECT MADE.

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Same styles in Boys' Shirts that we have in men's.

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Apply externally and rub in thoroughly. This Liniment is guaranteed.

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A. W. WINBERG & CO.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



## CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JULY 26, 1897.

### LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 12—For Bingham .....	7:50 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East .....	8:45 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East .....	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points .....	1:35 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and intermediate points .....	5:30 p. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points .....	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West .....	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West .....	12:30 p. m.

### ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East .....	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East .....	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points .....	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West .....	8:35 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West .....	7:30 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and intermediate points .....	1:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points .....	10:00 a. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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TRAINS DAILY to Leadville, Aspen, Pu-  
eblo, Colorado Springs and Denver.

EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 25, 1894.

Train No. 2 leaves Ogden 7:00 a. m., Salt Lake 8:05 a. m.; arrives at Pueblo 6:10 a. m., Colorado Springs 7:51 a. m., Denver 10:30 a. m., Cripple Creek 9:50 a. m.

Train No. 4 leaves Ogden 6:35 p. m., Salt Lake 7:40 p. m., arrives at Pueblo 5:27 p. m., Colorado Springs 6:53 p. m., Denver 9:25 p. m.

Connections made at Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all lines east.

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Denver, Colo. Salt Lake City. Denver, Colo



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(In effect March 16, 1897.)

## LEAVE:

"The Overland Limited" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City..... 7 00 a. m

"The Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.... 6 25 p. m

## ARRIVE:

"The Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City..... 3 10 p. m

"The Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver..... 3 30 a. m

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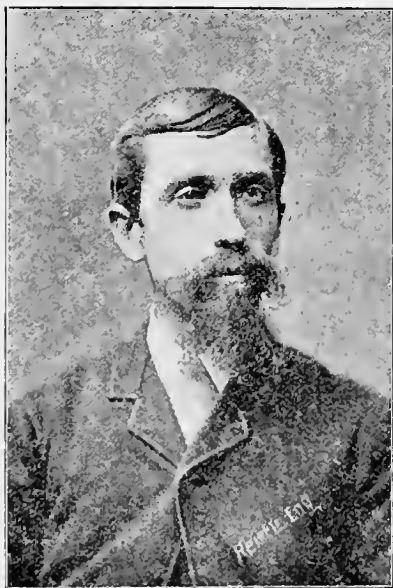
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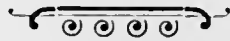
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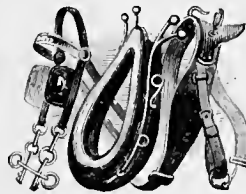
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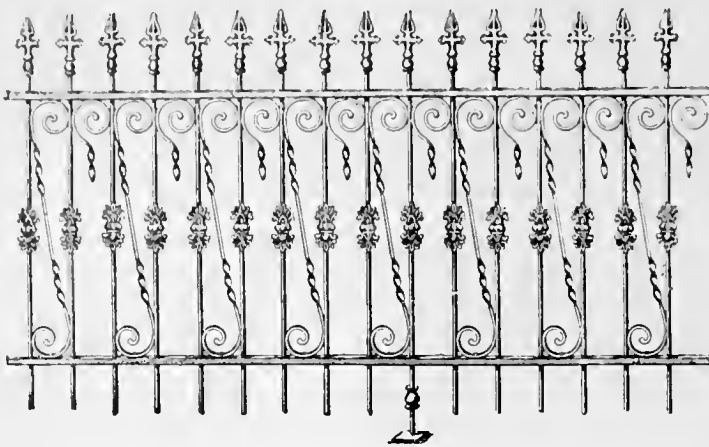
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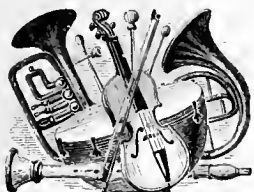
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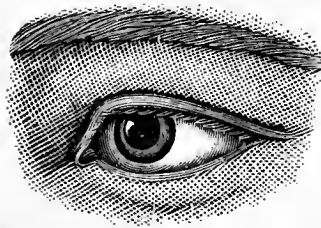
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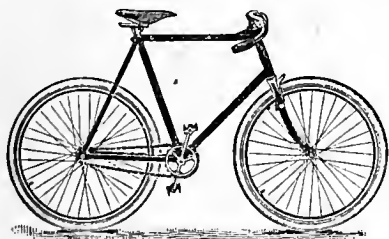
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